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MY THREE LOVES

BEVERLEY DANDRIDGE TUCKER

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MY THREE LOVES

My Three Loves

The Poems *of*

BEVERLEY DANDRIDGE TUCKER
Bishop Coadjutor of Southern Virginia

New York and Washington
THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY
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A. M. W. T.

Amans, Amabilis, Amatæ

I WOULD HAVE MY CHILDREN PROUD, NOT BECAUSE THEIR FATHER, AS A BOY, WORE THE GREY AND DID HIS LOWLY PART. NAY, I WOULD HAVE THEM PROUD OF THE FACT THAT THEIR MOTHER, WHILST YET A LITTLE MAIDEN, DAUGHTER OF A KNIGHTLY SOLDIER WHO RODE BY THE SIDE OF ROBERT LEE AND GAVE TO THE SOUTH AS A FREE LIBATION THE BLOOD HE SHARED WITH "THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY," CHEERED THE TROOPERS WHO FOLLOWED THE PLUME OF ASHBY, AND WAVED HER LITTLE HAND TO GREET THE CANNONEERS OF PELHAM, AND STOOD AT THE GATE OF HER HOME AND GAVE FOOD AND DRINK TO THE FOOT CAVALRY OF "STONEWALL" JACKSON, AS THE TIDE OF BATTLE EBBED AND FLOWED THROUGH THE BEAUTIFUL VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH.

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IN CAMP AND FIELD

Robert E. Lee

Salutamus, O Leader, long lost,
  And passed from our vision and ken,
Tho' thine arms on thy bosom be crossed,
  We call us thy men.

And we list for the word of command
  That leaped from the lips that are mute.
Tho' it come not, yet loyal, we stand
  And give thee salute.

Thou art passed, Commander, where ne'er
  Is heed of the praise and the blame,
Yet resistless outrings the loud cheer
  At sound of thy name.

Ah, the face and the form we knew well
  Are lost in the chasm of years!
But our love has a pow'r to dispel
  The mist of our tears.

And thy glory shall lighten through time
  The vistas of duty, and then—
We shall know that our hero sublime
  Still leadeth his men.

Hampton Roads

'Twas the calm of the day
And the enemy lay,
Unheeding, at anchor in Hampton Bay,
When a flag was unfurled
And a cannon shot hurled,
Which echoed until it awoke the world.

Ah! they recked not the grave
Nor the threatening wave,—
Their hearts were as dauntless, as strong and brave,
As was Nelson's of old,—
And intrepid and bold,
They fought for the love of the truth, not gold.

And the foe bowed before
The new banner they bore
Who sailed on to many an alien shore,
But the sea sings to rest
Now the bravest and best,
As babes fall asleep on the mother's breast.

Gettysburg

A hill's embattled crest
Which Titans could not wrest,
Altho' they charge with strange heroic zest;
And all about them fall
The showers of shell and ball,
But still the Southern Cross it waves thro' all.

Ah me! Ah me, the slain!
Borne down, as beats the rain
The roses 'mid the mire and 'mid the stain;
Yet Pickett's glorious men
They charge and charge, as when
The waves assault the rocks, then break again.

It was in vain!—Ah, well;
The world will stop to tell!—
Lo! here the spot where knightly Armistead fell;
And this the sacred field
Where heroes would not yield,
But fell like Spartans each on stainless shield.

Appomattox

On Appomattox field
A worn-out remnant yield,
A nation's fate is there forever sealed;
A sacred flag is furled,
A final shot is hurled,—
It echoes still and saddens Freedom's world!

Did Sparta blush for shame
At Thermopylæ's name,
Or bury midst her dead their Meed of fame?
Did England ere forget
The Norman foe was met,—
If Harold's sun in cloud and shadow set?

The might at last prevailed,
The Southern legion failed,—
The glory dearly bought has never paled!
The years may swiftly flee,
The proudest boast shall be,
"We failed,—but failed with Jackson and with Lee."

Vincti sed Victores

In Memory of the Men whose Cause is Dead but whose Deeds Live on

From hearts of men, from off the country's face,
Whose beauty once the stains of blood did mar,
Long years of peace have laboured to efface
The cruel tracks and vestiges of war.

Each spring has brought its tender wealth of green,
To hide the gory battlements of earth,
'Till now the barren mounds—that once had been
The place of death—to flow'rs and grass give birth.

The dusty plains, once trampled by the feet
Of angry hosts, whose battle-shout was heard
Above the cannon's din, are fields of wheat,
Or meadows, where we list the song of bird.

On ships that sail the seas, in churches' aisles,
In busy marts, in country, and in town,
They meet and greet, with kindly words and smiles,
Who once in battle faced, with warlike frown.

To God be praise, for Passion yields her sway,
And cloud no longer veils the sky above;
As storm to calm, and night to day give way,
So war gives place to peace, and hate to love.

MY THREE LOVES

Gone is the bitterness that once we knew,—
If still the woe is traced in many eyes;—
Gone are the dreams of yore, and ended too
The old heroic life of sacrifice.

Gone, like a meteor thro' the cloudless skies,
The hopes with which we sought the stubborn fray;
Gone, like the music when the singer dies,
The fancies which beguiled us for a day.

Gone, like a harvest swept by cruel hail,
The hard won fruits of each victorious fight;
Aye, country, flag, and cause!—gone, like a sail
That dots the seas, then passes out of sight.

Is this, then, all that's left, these many graves,
Which, far and wide, are found in mount and plain,
In valleys fair, and where the ocean waves
Sing requiem, do these alone remain?

Nay, surely, nay!—but like as Samson drew
The honey from the lion he had slain,
So, from our lion, war, we, comrades, too,
May draw the strong and sweet,—ah, not in vain!

'Twas not in vain that these undying men
With Lee and Jackson charged thro' storms of lead;
A page they wrote, with sword more strong than pen,
Which long shall teach in duty's path to tread.

IN CAMP AND FIELD

'Twas not in vain that these, in camp and field,
And women brave as they, 'mid dark'ning skies,
Endured and suffered, would not cringe, nor yield,
But gave their all, and taught of sacrifice.

More fair these fruits we gather from defeat
Than some which grow on Vict'ry's highest tree,
That duty's self, that sacrifice is sweet,—
Ah, this to learn, is more than victory!

This much is left of all our fateful strife,—
These names that shine in Honour's glorious sky,
These dead to teach us how to live our life,
Or show us how, if duty call, to die.

And now, because they dying left this gift
Of names untarnished and of mem'ries bright,
Whose glory made in leaden skies a rift,
And bathes fore'er our Southern land in light,—

Because they gave us all they could,—we bring
This tribute wrought of flow'rs, of verse, of tears,
And vow to keep from dark Oblivion's wing
Their names and deeds thro' all the changing years.

The Days When We Followed Robert Lee

Pickett-Buchanan Camp, January 19th

By the old familiar light
Of the camp-fire burning bright
Let us gather here to-night,—
  Tell the tale, sing the well-remembered glee,
Stir the embers fading fast,
See the visions of the past,
Hear again the bugle blast,
  As in days when we followed Robert Lee.

There is snow upon our hair,
And the furrowed marks of care
How they tell the wear and tear
  Of the years that have sped,—but let it be!—
We are boys, to-day, once more,
And we're comrades, as of yore,
When this flag we proudly bore
  In the days when we followed Robert Lee.

. . . . .

"Rag of treason," men may call
This old banner; but, to all
Who once loved it, 'tis the pall
  Of our dear Southern cause, and shall be,
As a sacred lock we save,
As a flower from Mother's grave,—
Dear, as when we saw it wave,
  In the days when we followed Robert Lee.

For still our bosoms swell
At the old Confederate yell,
And we love to sit and tell
  Of the years when we struggled to be free,—
Call us "rebels"—but the name
It will bring no blush of shame,
'Twas the synonym of fame
  In the days when we followed Robert Lee!

There was laughter well as tears,
And the old Confederate hears,
Across the waste of years,
  Its echo like the echo of the sea;
And the old rheumatic pain
Will be vexing him in vain,
For it makes him young again,
  As in days when we followed Robert Lee.

For as oft we sit and gaze
In the warm and cheerful blaze,—
Ah, the tricks our fancy plays,
  The visions which our mem'ries make us see!—
Once again the armies tramp
Thro' the snow and rain and damp,
Then the pleasures of the camp,
  As in days when we followed Robert Lee.

Ah, the stained old haversack
With the bacon and hardtack
And that whiff of apple jack,
  And the coffee made of rye!—they may be

Not a dainty bill of fare,—
But it must have been the air,
For they tasted mighty fair
In the days when we followed Robert Lee.

As the mem'ry dreams and whirls
How it brings up all the girls,
With the dancing eye and curls,
And the laughter like the ripple of the sea!
O, the tender, sweet farewell
And the kiss remembered well,—
But 't would never do to tell
How we loved when we followed Robert Lee!

And the trumpet sounds once more
As we fight our battles o'er,—
Midst the rattle and the roar
How we charged in our struggles to be free!
Ah, it was a glorious sight,
For we struck with all our might,
When we battled for the right,
In the days when we followed Robert Lee!

Like the wind among the pines,
As he rides on down the lines,
Whilst every bayonet shines,
Sounds the cheer when his noble form we see,—
Ah, the world shall never know
All our trust in weal and woe,
In that grand old long ago
All our love, as we followed Robert Lee!

But the vision will not stay,
And the flag is furled away,
For we fought and lost the day,—
Ah, the forms which we never more shall see!
But they counted not the cost,—
'Twas a willing holocaust,—
And the glory was not lost,
In the days when we followed Robert Lee!

Compensation

In Commemoration of the Confederate Dead of the University of Virginia

Was it waste when the sons who were reared at thy side
At the beat of the drum did not falter nor pause,
But by duty were drawn, as the waves by the tide,
Obedient to laws?
Was it waste when they struggled and suffered and died
For flag and for cause?

Was it waste when they went from this Temple of Lore,
In the prime of their youth, with its secrets unlearned,
Like the guests of a banquet who vanish before
The torches are burned?
Was it waste that they left ere the lesson was o'er,
The pages unturned?

MY THREE LOVES

Was it waste that they spent in the battle and strife
All the gifts that were theirs and the treasures of youth?
Was it waste that they bartered the joyance of life
For travail and ruth?—
That they gave of their best, when the struggle was rife,
For honour and truth?

Was it waste when the ointment was poured on the feet
Of the Christ when the spices in linen were bound?
Was it waste when He died as the grain of the wheat
That's cast on the ground?
Did the world think it waste when, the harvest complete,
Its glory was found?

Was it waste when the Spartan returned on his shield?
Was it waste when Leonidas guarded the way?—
Or when Harold lay dead with his knights on the field,
At close of the day?
Was it waste when a Winkelried, rather than yield,
Was slain in the fray?

Ah, the world has its praise for the men who prevail,
For the victors who triumph by wrong and by might;

But the heart has its love for the vanquished who fail
Yet battle for right!
And their names they will shine, when the conquerors' pale,
Like stars in the night!

For the laurels of triumph are lost like the wave,
Like the foam of the billows that break on the shore;
But the laurels of love men cherish and save
Whilst truth shall endure,—
They shall garland the home, though the fallen and brave
Have passed thro' the door.

Was it waste? Nay, thy sons but translated in deed
All the truths of the books of the wisest and best;
They were seekers of Honour, and chose but to heed
Her royal behest.
And the names of the dead are the pages we read
To learn of the quest.

Again!

Delivered in Norfolk on Memorial Day, Thursday, May 15th, 1902

Spring yet again her treasure trove discloses
  Her wealth of blossom, bud, and bloom,
Leaves on the trees, and heavy clustered roses,—
  And we forget the winter's gloom!
Life ev'rywhere, as sleeping Earth arouses
  To tender touch of sun and rain,
Lillies and violets in leafy houses
  The redolence distil again.

No secret lost, no hue, no scent forgotten,
  The Spring asserts her ancient powers,
Forests that seemed decayed, and dead, and rotten,
  Are changed once more to shady bowers;
Fields, by the winter clad in snow, she dresses
  In living green or golden grain,
Nature, so dormant, through her skill possesses
  Her ev'ry charm and grace again.

Comes with the Spring the thought no years can banish
  Of those far days of lordly strife,
Visions appear that seem to fade and vanish
  Amid the stir and whirl of life;

Mem'ry resumes her sway and Love her sceptre,
But gone the bitterness and pain,—
Prizing the glory which defeat has left her
The Southland lives her past again.

Backward, resistless, come the mem'ries trooping,
Of Jackson, Stuart, Hampton, Lee,
Mem'ries of men who took this banner drooping
And gave it forth to breezes free;
Mem'ries of women, gentle, brave, and tender,
Fair ministers to want and pain—
Long be the day before our hearts surrender
The right to dream this dream again!

Spring now her roses finds on branches perished
In winter's stern relentless chill,
We too in our heroic past and cherished
Shall find the flowers of glory still.
Dead tho' they sleep, yet must our hearts be loyal,
Whilst honour, love, and truth remain,
Faithful to those whose deeds so fair and royal
Remembrance wakes to life again!

Cold is the heart that beats not truer, faster,
Beside this consecrated dust,
Valour is valour though it meet disaster,
And lost no cause will seem less just.
Green be their graves and honoured still their story,
And free their names from ev'ry stain,—
These men who died, but whose unfading glory
Will light the people's path again.

Ring out and clearly ring a requiem splendid
For all who sleep and wore the grey;
Bring here the wreaths with love and honour blended,
For none are worthier love than they.
Mem'ry returns and tears the veil asunder;
The living comrade meets the slain.
Almost it seems we hear the cannon thunder
And are Confederates again!

Deo Vindice

Dedication of the Monument of the Otey Battery

Ring out, ye Bugles, loud and clear!
We muster on this knoll,
And let each comrade answer "Here!"
As Honour calls the roll.

Between us and the days of strife
Stretch many years afar,—
The battles we have fought in life
Out-number those of war.

But still the mem'ry of those days
Defies the fretting years,
And still the fancy backward strays,
With mingled smiles and tears.

Thro' varied scenes her pathway runs,
But brings us all at last,
To where we see our flashing guns,
And hear the bugle's blast.

And as we gaze with eager eyes
Thro' mists of long ago,
Familiar forms before us rise,
And faces which we know.

And when from out the distance dim
The breeze is blowing clear,
We—like a strain of childhood's hymn—
Remembered voices hear.

O Comrades, hark the bugle's sound!—
Tho' fast the years have sped;
To-day on Mem'ry's neutral ground
The living meet the dead.

Let Glory sound the reveille,
And then the dead will wake;
So shall our ranks unbroken be,
As here our camp we make.

O Comrades from the farther shore,
Was yours the sadder fate,
Who fell before the fight was o'er,
Whilst Vict'ry held the gate?—

Who fell whilst yet the voice of Fame
  Was ringing in your ears,
Who never saw your country's shame,
  Nor mourned her cause with tears?

For you the vision never paled,
  The flag was never furled;
Ye fell, whilst yet its stars prevailed
  To keep at bay the world.

To-day that banner only waves
  Where fell the silent dew,
To bless the flow'rs and grass of graves
  Which hide the brave and true.

We lived to see how vain the trust,
  How vain the strife and toil;
For that alone which holds your dust
  Remains Confederate soil.

We saw our armies forced to yield,
  Our visions fade away;
But ye who fell on Honour's field
  Still wear Confederate grey.

This stone shall now our Mizpah be,
  This spot our rallying place,
Where they who fought for liberty
  Shall meet them face to face.

This shaft on which we carve no name
  Shall guide Virginia's youth,—
A sign-post on the road to Fame,
  To Honour and to Truth.

A silent sentry, it shall stand
  To guard, thro' coming time,
Their graves who died for native land
  And duty most sublime.

O Comrades of the days of yore,
  If courage still inspire
Like that which would not quail before
  The Crater's murd'rous fire,

These mem'ries of the time afar
  Shall teach us how to wield
Our weapons in the sterner war,
  On life's great battle-field,—

The shaft, with which the hands of love
  Now mark this sacred sod,
Shall point to clearing skies above
  And bid us hope in God,—

Shall bid us seek life's nobler gain,
  Until our spirits feel
The motto was not writ in vain
  On our Confederate seal.

Dedication of the Monument to the Confederate Dead at Portsmouth, Va.

Where rolls the Nile its turbid stream
And makes the valley laugh with corn,
Where kingdoms pass, as though in dream,
Which waxed and waned ere Greece was born,

There stand, to-day, unworn by years,
Which learn the languor of the clime,
The stones inwrought with blood and tears
That tyrants raised to challenge time.

And man still sees with blush of shame
On obelisk and pyramid
Inscribed a crownéd monster's name
And all th' unmanly deeds he did.

The tale of woe, of crime, of lust,
Which Nemesis will not erase,—
We read it still, tho' there be dust
On ev'ry sculptured Pharaoh's face!

. . . . .

This stone which loving hands upraise
Its story tells of blood and tears,
But none shall blush who come to gaze—
Tho' here it stand a thousand years.

'Twas freeman's blood—not that of slaves—
In freedom's cause most freely shed,
And tears which fell on many graves
From hearts that would not grudge the dead.

And Glory here shall speak the name
Of men unnamed in History's page,
And claim for them a share of fame
In ev'ry great heroic age.

They came from valley, mount and glen,
From where the ocean billows foam,
A nation's strong, intrepid men,
From cottage, hut, and stately home.

One serried band—Manassas' plain
With vict'ry wreathes the flag they bear—
They charge and charge, and charge again,
And only know that "Stonewall's" there!

O bold and dauntless Southern host,
Who dared to march at Jackson's side,
Is this your country's proudest boast?—
Or that ye marched when Jackson died?

O men whose sabres kept the land,
Who answered Ashby's ringing cheer,
Who rode with knightly Stuart's band
And only asked if foes were near,—

MY THREE LOVES

O cannoneers, who steadfast stood
By Pelham with the laughing eye,
Who though your guns were drenched with blood,
Ne'er failed to give the foe reply,—

O, seamen staunch, and brave, and true,
Who manned our Southern ships and sailed
Beneath the starry cross of blue,
And fought as long as hope availed,—

O men who followed stately Lee,
Nor faltered when disaster came,—
The deeds ye wrought shall surely be
Inscribed on lofty gates of Fame.

So long as Glory lifts her head,
And truth within her bosom springs,
She'll deem our dear Confederate dead
More worth than all of Egypt's kings!

O city by the sounding sea,
Be thine the ever sacred trust,—
To guard their name from slander free,
And teach the world their cause was just!

Unveiling of the Monument to the Confederate Dead of Gloucester

September 18, 1889

A stone from the spot where a hero fell,*
In the midst of the April bloom,
Come take it, O Sculptor, and make it tell
Of the men who encountered doom,
Unheeding the shriek of the shot and shell,
Unheeding the tomb!

Aye, give it a voice—like herald of yore,
An echo that lingers and stays—
To speak of the love and the faith they bore,
As they fought in the grand old days,
And charged 'mid the clamour and smoke and roar,
Unmindful of praise!

Then make it as Memnon,—let music flow
In the glow of the Southern sun,
In strains which are tender, and soft and low,
As they tell how the deeds were done
By the men of our blood, 'till the world shall know
The glory they won!

* Gen'l A. P. Hill.

MY THREE LOVES

Emblazon the names of the true and tried,
Engrave them with care in stone!
Our children must feel that the dead have died
For a cause that we deemed our own,
And blush not for men we have marched beside
In days that are flown!

On fields that are sacred to fame they fell,
Let them sleep in a soldier's grave,
By mountain and valley and lonely dell,
In the plain, by the ocean wave,—
The stone that we garland with flowers shall tell
Our love for the brave!

Then shield it forever from time's decay,
Let it shine as a beacon light
And point to the fame of the men in grey
Who surrendered their lives for Right,—
The bravest shall pause, as they pass this way,
And thrill at the sight!

Virginia may call as she called of old,
But she never shall call in vain,
Whilst Gloucester has sons who are true and bold,
Who have learned from her glorious slain,
That duty is dearer by far than gold,
And honour than gain!

Father Ryan

There was never a voice to utter
The grief and the pain of the land,
Till his music awoke responsive
To the tender touch of his hand.

She bowed in her desolate silence,
And mourned by the graves of her dead,
And she longed for the consolation
That comes when the tears are shed.

Till his strains, as they fell, awakened
In the soul that bent o'er the sod,
New faith in the gracious designings,
In the hidden purpose of God.

He'd learned, as he knelt at his altars,
To trust in Omnipotent Love,
And his song had an inspiration
Which echoed to music above.

He took all our idle complainings,
And lo! in their stead, in one mouth,
His song as a low supplication,
Welled up from the heart of the South.

His strains, full of pathos and glory,
And heard of a listening world,
Entwined, as a wreath of immortelles,
The flag that we wearily furled.

There is never a grave so humble,
In all of the desolate land,
But his verse has inscribed upon it
An epitaph stately and grand.

. . . . .

Once more—by the beds of the dying,
In the homes of the pestilent West—
His song, like a low miserere,
Goes up from his pitying breast.

A wail for the woe of his people,
A plea that God's mercy would spare,
And we take up its lowly burden,
And change all our murmurs to prayer.

Ah, the South is stricken and anguished!
But never a heart can forget
The solace his music has brought us,—
And its echo lingereth yet!

James Barron Hope

O Troubadour, whose hand with equal skill
  Could wield a warrior's sword amidst the fray,
Or sweep the slumb'ring chords of music till
  All hearts were willing captives to its sway,—

O knightly soul, gentle because so strong,
  O kindly heart, tender because so brave,
How shall we miss the solace of thy song,
  Where find the strength which thy mere presence
    gave?

Honour and Love, these words were written large
  On thy life's page, so spotless white and pure,—
Thy name like some well-freighted treasure barge
  In memory's haven anchors now secure.

Like those of whom the olden Scriptures tell,
  Who faltered not but went on dang'rous quest
For one cool draught of water from the well
  With which to cheer their exiled monarch's breast,

So thou, to add one single laurel more
  To our great chieftain's fame,—heedless of pain,—
Didst gather up thy failing strength and pour
  Forth all thy soul in one last glorious strain.

And when the many pilgrims come to gaze
Upon the sculptured form of mighty Lee,
They'll not forget the bard who sang his praise
With dying breath but deathless melody.

For on the statue which a country rears,
Tho' graven by no hand, we'll surely see,
E'en tho' it be thro' blinding mists of tears,
Thy name forever linked with that of Lee.

John R. Thompson

On the presentation of a portrait to the University of Virginia

Lo! through the purple mists that veil the further shore,
As through a cloud the light of some familiar star,
There comes the dear remembered face,
So full of mingled strength and grace,—
The troubadour who sang Virginia's songs of yore,
And gave one clarion note above the din of war

Too frail of frame to wield the warrior's flashing blade,
He could not share the tented field or soldier's dream,
But strong of soul, heroic heart,
He came to take the minstrel's part,
And stirred the pulse of men until his music made
The path of duty sweet, and danger winsome seem.

He wreathed in tender verse his garlands round the brow
Of those who fell with glory's smile athwart the face,
As when he laid with loving tear
His laurel spray on Stuart's bier,—
The singer by the knight, they sleep together now
Where breaks the river through the rocks,—a holy place!

He knew the kindly art of touching hidden springs
In human hearts, and saw the good in friend and foe.
He made us pass the gates of war,
And showed the vision fair tho' far,
Of home again, and friends, of peace with healing wings,
Of all that stays and cheers when strife and hatred go.

His pen, like some enchanted wand, unloosed the chain
That bound our thoughts,—forgot awhile were camp and fight,—
A trustful guide he led along
The sweet and pleasant lanes of song,
And o'er romance's wide and wond'rous fair domain
And where the breezes blow from great Parnassus' height.

MY THREE LOVES

A man of many books, his friends the goodly band
Of whom the thoughts and words enrich our English tongue;
For Chaucer's haunts he knew, the field
Where Sydney fell with stainless shield,
And oft he followed Spenser through his fairy land,
Or roamed with Shakespeare all the Avon groves among.

His ear was skilled to Milton's music, vast, sublime;
The polished shafts of Dryden, Pope's too honeyed line,—
He knew them well, but still his heart
Had room for humbler sons of art,
And ever loved to hear the sweet melodious rhyme
Of those on whom no golden rays of glory shine.

He shared the genial mirth of Addison and Steele,
And loved of Goldsmith's muse the pure and limpid stream,—
He found among them all a place,
Nor feared the frown on Johnson's face,—
His many-sided nature taught him how to feel
At home with those who laugh, and those who think —and dream.

He knew the heart and lays of Scotia's peasant bard,
Whom Genius proudly claimed as kinsman,—yea, as peer,—

The wooded lakes where Wordsworth dreamed
And Coleridge thought—they almost seemed
Familiar spots to one who could not find it hard
To love the homes of song, but ever deemed them dear.

He followed Byron through the sacred ways of Greece,
And caught th' ethereal note of Shelley's mystic strain;
He heard the prince's bugle blast
That waked the great historic past,
And brought to slumb'ring knights and ladies fair release,
And made them live and love, and act their parts again.

With these immortal dead he ever loved to roam
The twilight fields of thought and—fortune's happy choice!
In life he knew, and called him friend
Who taught the critic's page to blend
His smiles with tears; he shared the laureled hermit's home,
And learned the poet's music through the poet's voice.

He knew Virginia's Poe, the Christopher of song,
Who sailed o'er rhythmic seas to men before unknown,

And heard such strains and visions saw
As filled the heart with sweetest awe.
His soul the battlefield of warring right and wrong;
The world its failures marked, its triumphs God alone.

Our poet's mind, enriched by fellowship with these,
He took the gifts God gave, the garnered fruits of lore,
And, serving art alone, not self,
Unheeding glory, fame, and pelf,
He only sought his lov'd Virginia's heart to please
With strains that linger though the singer sing no more.

O, Alma Mater, many sons have learned of thee,
And brought their after laurels back thy brows to grace!
On fields of our heroic strife,
In all the lofty ways of life,
They play'd a worthy part, and dear their names shall be—
O give thy minstrel son a warm and tender place!

He loved thee well, and sang with open heart thy praise,
Who taught him wisdom, truth and fair exalted dreams;
His each melodious verse, like Poe's,
Is pure as blush on summer's rose,

Or maiden's cheek; the southern wind that idly plays
With fragile branch and lily bloom no gentler seems.

His mirrored self we place on yonder classic wall,—
Ah me, the form we knew so long ago, so long!—
His eyes shall light the sacred fire
In other hearts, shall wake desire
As pure as dream of Holy Grail, desire of all
The minstrel taught when life vibrated forth in song.

John Randolph Tucker

At the Dedication of the Memorial Hall, Washington and Lee University

I

Two lustrous names which linked together seem
As priceless jewels linked by virgin gold,
Two stars that blend in one transcendent gleam
To deck the firmament of fame and hold
The torch to light the path which they must tread
Who would unveiled the face of glory see,
For high we find on scrolls of noblest dead
Virginia's sons, her Washington and Lee.

MY THREE LOVES

The academic halls, which classic make
  This valley hemmed by mountain ranges high,
Fulfill the quiet dreams of one who brake
  The tyrant's power and hailed in freedom's sky
A nation's natal sign, as pure as bright,
  Who midst the stir of war and toils of state
Did pause to care for learning's sacred light,
  The hero whom the world has christened "Great."

Here came a kindred soul, in after years,—
  His country's sun had set behind the cloud,
His country's hopes were shrined in patriot's tears,
  His country's cause was wrapped in glory's shroud,—
But nobler thus, he lived to show the world
  That human virtue seems, at least, the mate
Of human chance, that though his flag were furled
  Its honor would outvie the stress of fate.

On guard they stand, at learning's mystic door,
  Twin sentinels, to ask the countersign
Of all who seek to cross the threshold o'er
  And enter where is truth's eternal shrine.
Tho' rich the gifts the numbered years have brought
  To your collegiate home, surpassing dear
Are these imperial mem'ries interwrought
  With ev'ry stone of ev'ry structure here.

II

O Mother loved, thy many sons,
In whom the blood of freedom runs,
  Have wandered far and wide;
But still they turn their thoughts to thee
And still their home, where'er they be,
  Is near thy side,—
Here where the mountains, one by one,
Keep kindly watch o'er Lexington!

From North, from South, from East, from West,
The children nurtured at thy breast
  Return their love to tell,
And give to thee with willing heart
This stately hall the sculptor's art
  Has builded well,—
Here where the moon, the stars and sun
Look kindly down on Lexington!

A school in which thy youth may trace
The source of law, and face to face
  With vestal Justice stand,
And learn to weigh the right and wrong
In equal scales, for weak and strong,
  In all the land,—
Here where the mountains, one by one,
Keep kindly watch o'er Lexington!

And thou shalt teach, with patient care,
In this thy home—the very air
  Is surely freedom's breath—
The sons who gather at thy side,
To crave the boon of him who cried,
  "Or, give me death!"—
Here where the moon, the stars, and sun
Keep watch and ward o'er Lexington!

O, tell thy sons, lest they forget,
The tale of how their fathers met,
  On what is holy ground!
And claimed the right from kingly hands
To live in Anglo-Saxon lands
  As men unbound,—
O tell it here as freedom's sun
Looks kindly down on Lexington!

III

The lordly walls that stand complete at last,
  Builded strong for coming time,
Are linked with all the unforgotten past,
  Rich in memories sublime.
We bring to-day the old traditions here,—
  Find for them, O friends, a place,
For art and wealth have nothing half so dear,
  Half so full of tender grace.

We bring the cherished thoughts of one whose name
Honour stoops to carve in stone,
Of one who knew no avarice of fame
Seeking principle alone,—
Who ever bowed subservient when he saw
Truth and equity combine,
Who felt the splendid majesty of law
Sovereign by right divine.

A thinker, keen of subtle mind but pure,
True in thought as true in deed,
A statesman strong, who never bent before
Passion's gusts, nor altered creed,—
Virginia's child, his heart did seldom roam
Yond this vale, his native sod.
The many loves were his, of friends, of home
Love of country, love of God.

His gift, the eloquence of speech that seems
Souls, as winds the trees, to sway,
To sweep conviction home, as mountain streams
All that bars and stops the way.
In courts, in halls of state he could command
Mastery of thought and grace,
Or gain the people when he came to stand
Man with men and face to face.

His gift, the gift of humor, mirth, and joy,
Made his life perennial spring;
The spirit which was his as child, as boy,
Lingered when his youth took wing.

MY THREE LOVES

He chose the sunny path, in good and ill,
  Striving other paths to bless;
He would not let the snow his gladness chill,
  Winter make his laughter less.

His gifts, the gifts of faith, of hope, of love;
  Christ and God were ever near.
His soul had seen the visions fair above;
  Perfect love had cast out fear.
His mind had wrestled with the problems deep,
  Whence and why of life and death;
Yet, like a little child, he fell to sleep,
  Trusting still with latest breath.

O Alma Mater, keep before the youth
  Who shall seek this school of laws
The kindly thought of one who loved the truth,
  Friend of every holy cause!
Here, where he brought the fruitage gleaned in life,
  Sharing mind and strength and fame
With those he trained for service, trained for strife,
  Breathe, and gently breathe his name.

The Beloved Physician

Fiftieth Anniversary of the practice of Dr. Herbert M. Nash, Surgeon, P. B. C. C. V.

A century's half of honest toil,
The record lies where all may read,
The years so free from stain or soil
So rich in noble work and deed.

A century's half not spent for gain,
But spent in ministries to man,
Who heals the sick, who soothes the pain,
Succeeds to work which Christ began.

No greener laurels grace the brow
Of soldier, hero, prince nor bard
Than those with which we crown him now,
Who deemed no path of duty hard.

No fear of pestilence deterred,
No dread of sword, of shell nor ball,
He simply went where'er was heard
Of human need and woe the call.

The crescent years look down to-day
On many valiant deeds of love.
"Well done! O, kindly heart," we say,—
"Well done!" the Christ will say above.

John Augustine Washington of Mount Vernon

Lt.-Col. and Aide-de-Camp to General Robert Edward Lee, C.S.A. Killed, Valley Mountain, Sept. 13, 1861

No soldier of fortune, no seeker of pelf,
No lover of glory and fame,
But simply a man who was true to himself,
The home where he'd dwelt and his name.

He rode far away at the call of the land,
Unmindful of peril and fate,
A smile on his face and a wave of his hand,
For children who stood at the gate.

He rode by the side of the kingliest knight,
And deemed it a guerdon to share
His tent and the march and the danger and fight,
To kneel by his chieftain in prayer.

He lay where he fell, with the light on his face,
Untouched by dishonor and shame,
Defeated, yet true to the pride of his race,
The home where he'd dwelt and his name.

The tears were like dew in the eyes of the chief,
Who gazed on the form of his friend,
And thought of the children at home and their grief,
The blossom of life and its end.

He sent, all entwined with his pity and love,
The flowers that grew where he fell,
And angels, who walked on the ramparts above,
Repeated their call, "It is well."

'Tis well, if for years he has slept 'neath the sod,
Uncrowned by the laurels of fame,
And simply a man who was true to his God,
The home where he'd dwelt and his name.

"En Dat Virginia Quintum"

Virginia Day, Chicago, 1893

I

"En dat Virginia quintum"—
So ran the legend that bore
The shield of the Old Dominion
Emblazoned in days of yore.
And what did she give, O England?
Ay, what did she give to thee?—
A soil that was pure and virgin
And rivers unfettered, free,
Which filled all the land with gladness
As they rushed to th' azure sea.

II

And skies that were blue and golden
As those of the isles of Greece,
And valleys as green and quiet
As vales in the realms of peace,
And fields that were fair and lavish
To yield ev'ry kind of store,
And woods that were vast, primeval,
And mountains enriched with ore,
And waters that brought new tribute
Each tide to the shining shore.

III

To sons of a race stout-hearted,
Whom God had designed to free,
She gave a new home, where open
The gates of the restless sea,
A home where the English virtues
Transplanted might seem as fair,
In soil that was still uncrowded
In pure and untainted air—
And Liberty's seed long dormant
Could blossom and bud and bare.

IV

"En dat Virginia quintum"—
And what did she give to thee,
Thou youngest and fairest nation,
The land of the brave and free?—

A mother unsparing, tender,
To children who nursed her breast,
She gave a goodly portion,—
A share of her golden West,—
For whether 'tis blood or treasure,
She ever will give her best.

V

Her heart was the first to worship
The Christ as the Lord of Lands,
And first from her shoulder to loosen
The grasp of a monarch's hands.
Her voice was the first to utter
A cry in our Freedom's cause
And claim for the sovereign people
A share in the draft of laws, —
To speak without fear or trembling,
Or dread of the Lion's paws.

VI

"En dat Virginia quintum"—
O, what did she give at last,
When, Freedom her bugle sounding,
The die of her fate was cast?—
The words of her dauntless Henry,
Which called to the people's heart,
Which scattered the old illusions,
And tore all the veils apart,—
Which pierced thro' the joints of tyrants,
And smote with a rankling dart.

VII

She claimed thro' the voice of Mason,
The life of a man is free,
And Liberty's prelude sounded,
In silvery tones, thro' Lee.
She gave to the field and council
Her best and her foremost men,
She drew out her sword,—her scabbard,
She cast it aside,—and then
Her name was inscribed with nations
By Jefferson's matchless pen.

VIII

"En dat Virginia quintum"—
She gave to thee—nay! the world,
When beacon fires were kindled,
The flag of her birth unfurled,
The man of all men whom Glory
Has crowned with the name of Great,
Who wrested the fruits of vict'ry
From th' unwilling arms of Fate,
And brought through the storm and tempest
Our glorious Ship of State.

IX

She dowered thy land with greatness
And wrote thy illustrious name
With deeds of her peerless children
On th' opening page of Fame!

And, like the wind in its swiftness,
  She'll come to the nation's call,
Wherever the fight is fiercest
  Or thickest the arrows fall,—
She'll bring to thy aid and succour
  Her treasure and blood and all.

X

"En dat Virginia quintum"—
  No blush as she marks her past!
She's followed the lead of duty
  And comes into port at last.
She brings to the mart of nations
  Her riches of mine and field,—
But poorer she'll be if ever
  She barter or sell or yield
One jot of her stainless glory,
  One ray from her spotless shield.

IN LOVE'S GARDEN

The Rhone and the Arve
or
The Course of True Love

The Rhone has for its source several springs, near the Glacier du Rhone, and flows through the Canton of the Valais, between the parted Alps, until its current is lost in Lake Leman. On one side of the Savoy Alps rise precipitously; on the other side slope the Jorat Hills, terraced with vineyards and cloven, here and there, by valleys and ravines, covered with wild narcissus. At Geneva the Rhone rushes swiftly from the lake, uniting with the Arve a few miles below the town.

The Arve rises in the valley of Chamouni, one of its sources gushing forth from the Sea of Ice at the base of Mount Blanc. It breaks through the valley at the Gorge de Serroz. When it joins the Rhone its snowy waters flow in the same channel with the clear blue waters of the latter, until at last, their colours mingling, they flow on together through the fields of France, to the Mediterranean.

I

Can they ever come together,
Can they meet and kiss each other,
The two rivers Fate has parted?—
Winsome Rhone, who, like a maiden,
In the Valais springs and bubbles,
Like a maiden merry-hearted,
Careless-footed, all unladen
Of Life's troubles;—

II

Eager Arve, that stays and shivers,
But a moment, ere he quivers,
Ere he rushes thro' th' embrasure
Of his icy, dreary prison.
How he shouts in gleeful madness
As he hastens from the glacier
On to where the sun's uprisen
In its gladness!

III

Ah! the Rhone, she swiftly passes,
Down the crags and thro' crevasses,—
None can stay nor follow after;—
But she may not pass on over
The grim Alps that gaze in wonder
Tho' she cry, with merry laughter,
"Let me by, for I've a lover
Over yonder!"

IV

Then she turns, and softly sighing,
Thro' the Valais swiftly hieing,
Past the mountains,—silent wardens,
By the valley kept asunder,—
Flees unheeding clouds that hover,
Thro' the fields and scented gardens,—
And she whispers, "Over yonder
I've a lover!"

V

Ah! the Arve,—the King of mountains
Can not chain his eager fountains
With his snows and ice eternal,—
On he hastens never heeding
Avalanche nor roar of thunder
Murm'ring, through the valley vernal,
"To a river I am speeding,
Over yonder!"

VI

And the Rhone is flowing faster
In her quest to meet her master,
Who shall help her seek the ocean,—
On—by towns and hamlets turning,
On—by village bridges under,
On—with swift unbroken motion,—
For the lover ever yearning
Over yonder!

VII

Ah! the Rhone, the placid Leman,
Like some fair and treach'rous demon,
Like some fair, relentless ogress,—
As the siren with Ulysses,
By her jealous arts devining,
Tries to bar and stay her progress,
Tries to silence, hush with kisses
Love's repining!

VIII

And the Alps, whose peaks discover,
On the other side her lover,—
Grey, grim Alps, of love abhorrent!—
Try to keep the lovers parted;
And the lake she's resting under
With her magic stills her torrent,
Till the Arve is broken-hearted,
Over yonder!

IX

But the Jorat, more unbending,
To the lake-side slowly wending,
Tells the river, "Would you kiss us,
You may surely pass on over,
Where our vineyards part asunder,
Thro' our vales of sweet narcissus."
But she answers, "I've no lover
Over yonder!"

X

And the Arve, he hastens ever,
With a restless, strong endeavour,
Thro' the valley mountain-bounded,—
And he hammers, till he crushes
Down his prison's last reliance,—
Till, as when a stag is hounded,
Thro' the rocky gorge he rushes
In defiance!

XI

And the tender, soft beguiling,
Of the fragrant fields and smiling,
And the bell, at matins ringing,
Can not stay his eager flowing;
And the Vesper bell unheeding,
On he glances, lightly singing,
"To my loved one I am going,
I am speeding!"

XII

But the Rhone is bolder, bolder,
For, at last, a something's told her,
That tho' strong the walls that bound her,
Yet the stream of her existence
Is not spent, tho' scarcely moving,—
So she looks and looks beyond her,
With a maiden's fond persistence
In her loving!

XIII

As the fates her love embolden,
She perceives a city olden,
Where the mountains watch no longer.
Then beneath the bridges darting,—
Where the children gaze in wonder,—
On she hastens, swifter, stronger,
As she whispers, "There's no parting
Over yonder!"

XIV

O the rapture rare of meeting,
O the music sweet of greeting,
When at last the barrier's broken!
Now (the weary sun descending)
On the mountain heights in distance
Is the purple flush, the token
Of their wrath as comes the ending
Of resistance.

XV

And now close,—all partings ended,—
In one channel still unblended,
Are the Arve and Rhone together;
Here the water grey and troubled
With the battling fierce with mountains,
But as crystal blue the other
As when first it gushed and bubbled
Sunny fountains.

XVI

But, at last their currents merging,
After Love's impetuous urging,
Flows the River,—twain no longer!—
And the hand of fate can never
Part the lovers thus united,—
Gentler one, the other stronger,
When their troth, for now and ever,
They have plighted!

XVII

On—thro' clover-scented meadows,
On—in gloomy mountain shadows,
Flow the wedded streams together;
And they glide with quiet motion,—
Or they speed with roar of thunder,
Whisp'ring oft to one another,
As they seek to reach the ocean,
"Rest is yonder!"

XVIII

Now the current moves more slowly,
With a requiem sad and lowly,
Where the velvet mantle covers
Weary forms in silence sleeping.
Now, as sing and sail the maidens,
In the barges near their lovers,
On it courses, ever keeping
Gentle cadence,

XIX

Till the River, young no longer,
Growing wider, deeper, stronger,
Plays its part in Life's endeavour!
And by busy cities flowing,—
On the bosoms Love has mated,
On the bosoms none can sever,—
Are the Vessels coming, going,
Treasure-freighted.

XX

But, at last, the daylight dimmer,—
Lo, the Moon begins to glimmer
On the Ocean over yonder!—
And the streams that sought each other,
In the valley fair and vernal,
And the lovers none could sunder
Find forever, find together
Rest eternal!

In the Land of Vaud

'Tis the hour of all hours for lovers and poets,—
And lovers and poets, I hold, Dear, are one,—
When the dark virgin night refuses to show its
Sad beauty unveiled to the amorous Sun.

The soft spell of twilight, with hintings of quiet,
Is over the scene now, so come to the crest
Of the fair Jorat mount, no matter how high it
May seem, you can climb it, and there let us rest!

And see, here you will find a cushion which, surely,
All made of narcissus, is worthy a queen!
Let your mantle be closer,—*Chérie,* how purely
You look like a part of the marvellous scene.

IN LOVE'S GARDEN

O the glory! the beauty!—never an artist
Revealed you one half of the charm it possessed;
Tho' the contour is given, yet still the part missed,
Eluding the brush and the skill, is the best.

Over there, Dear, the Alps still blush for the kisses,—
The roguish old Sun, he has gone to his rest!—
In a storm they look grander,—Surely tho' this is
The scene for us lovers. Off there in the West

Is the King of them all, and Rosa o'er yonder,
The needles and peaks, still enveloped in snow,
In confusion arise. You gaze on and wonder
If any can count them, or name them,—or know

All the cliffs that the chamois timidly grazes,
The crags where the eagle is monarch alone!
You may trace in the Valais, where Midi upraises
His three marble domes, the thin trail of the Rhone.

Oh! the glory! the splendor! Dearest, there's stealing
A shade of half sadness now over your brow;
To me, too, in twilight, there comes oft a feeling
That fills me with pathos, I can not tell how.

But ah! *Chérie,* 'tis thus, whenever we gaze on
The wonder beyond us, the mount or the skies,
There is beauty above, and sadly it weighs on
The soul that all vain is th' endeavour to rise.

See the vineyards around, in terraces, wending
Their way to the lake; and the vendage is near,—
For the scent of the wild narcissus is blending
With scent of the grapes,—and, list! borne on the ear,

(As the vendangeurs seek, their day's work all over,
Their homes in La Tour) is a quaint Vaudois air,—
'Tis a soft serenade as some peasant lover
A maiden beguiles in the vines over there.

See the lake at our feet, its bosom just heaving,—
(No wind yet is stirring) as though in its rest
Rememb'ring the storm!—And so sorrow goes leaving
Its own after swell too in each human breast.

Since they only possess the gift of consoling
Whose selves have been torn by the tempest of woes,
So this lake unto men, whose souls had been rolling
And tossed to the whirlwind, has given repose.

For here Rousseau would come, his genius all tainted
With taint of the world and all wearied of men.
It was pure as again he tenderly painted
With skill of a lover, with magical pen

All the haunts of his youth. Forgot was the warfare
He waged with the human. He loved nature more
Than he hated minkind, and soft as the star there
The light on the page that he wrote by this shore.

And here Byron, the slave and captive of passion,
  Here Byron, the lord and master of song,
When he turned from the world, its foibles and fashion,
  Would whisper to Heaven confessions of wrong

And with voice of a sister, softly reproving,
  The clear placid waters of Leman would speak,
Till the God, Who sees all, may here have seen moving
  The tear of remorse on the penitent's cheek.

In the distance we hear the horn of the pastor,
  Its echoes proclaiming the moment of prayer,
And the roofs of Vevey, as night gathers faster,
  Are hidden from view—Ah me! Fancy, say where

Is the picture I painted, vision romantic
  Of mountain and lake? They are vanished and gone!
Oh, the Jorat and Leman!—Restless Atlantic
  Is rolling between us—I sit here alone.

Only Two

An Optical Delusion

The scene, a Canadian river;
The time was the hour of sunset;
The boat, just as fragile as ever
Was floated, was named the *Coquette.*
Think you, I can ever forget?
To *four,* I remember, amounted
The whole of the little bark's crew;
But, somehow, whenever *I* counted,—
The reason I leave unto you,—
It seemed to consist of but *two.*

A while we all chatted together
Of themes that are suited to *four,*—
The scene and the news and the weather,
Of trips we had taken before,—
And friends we had left on the shore;
But, soon as the little boat bounded
Along at a wonderful rate,
The converse mysteriously sounded,—
The reason I leave you to state,—
To me, like a low *tête-à-tête.*

And then, as the night was concealing
The rocks on the shadowy shore,
We sang with the tenderest feeling
(In time with the splash of the oar)
A song that was suited to *four;*
And lo! as the music resounded,—
I knew we sang a quartette,—
To me, for some reason, it sounded
(What magic was in the *Coquette?*)
Like strains of a plaintive duet.

But ah! when the voyage was over
The boat at last grating the shore,
How puzzled was I to discover
The crew had consisted of *four,*—
The number I'd counted before.
Now tell me the reason, I pray you,—
For see I've confided in you,—
This mystery; come, what say you?—
Was Cupidon one of the crew,
That FOUR *were thus changed into* TWO?

Ad Puerum

The Dinner, after She Left!

Nay, Waiter, I'm half broken-hearted,
No carte all my troubles can bear,
And, now that the fair has departed,
What matters a good bill of fare?
'Twere mock'ry to serve me mock turtle,—
E'en though supported by hock,—
But wreathe me with cypress and myrtle,
And let me encounter the shock.
What care I, O man, that your fish is
The best that swims in the sea,
Ah! think you the rarest of dishes
Can bring consolation to me?

Each meat that you bring but unlooses
The plentiful source of my grief,
And not e'en the finest French juices
Can bring me a moment's relief.
Your duck, Sir, is only distressing
When my duck, alas, is afar;
The olives that serve as their dressing
Are rather the emblems of war.
You're poking fun at me, I see now,
When you offer me pork, by Jove,
Ah! what's the bacon to me now,—
Who bake on the "embers of love!"

I care not for sherry a cent, Sir,—
  I call for my *Chérie* in vain,—
My heart is with real pain rent, Sir,
  I scarcely have need of champagne.
No fig would I give for a raisin,—
  Such reasons you only would waste,—
The desert my sad heart now stays in
  Is dessert enough for my taste!
But lo! as the ev'ning grows later,
  And the night is chasing the day,
I'll order a pony, O Waiter,
  And drive all my sorrows away.

On Dit

On dit that you hold me, Elaine,
  With cords there is nothing can sever;
On dit that a mere silken chain
  Has bound me a captive forever;
On dit that your voice has a charm
  To banish the traces of sorrow;
On dit that its magic can warm
  The heart it will chill on the morrow.

On dit that you hold in your hand
  (*On dit* is so very malicious!)
A wonderful fairy-like wand,
  To lead him wherever she wishes;

MY THREE LOVES

On dit that whenever my skies
With clouds of depression are laden,
It needs but a glance of your eyes
To make even Hades an Aidenn.

On dit that you boast of your power,
And smile on the bud in the morning—
At evening to wither the flower,
It needs but a glance of your scorning;
On dit that your winning ways now
The storms that are coming betoken;
On dit, "Ah! he little thinks how
She'll laugh at the heart when 'tis broken."

Je dis, as I hear them, Elaine,
"Her magic is nothing but human;
And what you imagine a chain,
Is but the compassion of woman."
Je dis that your voice has a tone
The world it can never discover,
So that when I hear it alone,
My dreams of distraction are over

Je dis that the wand which you wield
Is a love you cherish unspoken;
Je dis that your heart as a shield
Will guard its own honour unbroken.
Je dis that those beautiful eyes
Are gates which affection uncloses,
To show me the soul as it lies
Asleep on its cushion of roses.

Je dis, "She is noble and true,
And pure as the blush of the morning,"—
My heart is entrusted to you
Despite of the world and its warning.
Je dis to that world, O Elaine,
As it threatens the stormy weather,
If trouble e'er ruffle the main,
We'll bound o'er the billows together.

Epithalamium

Since many strange antitheses
Our lives comprise;
Since there are no unruffled seas
Nor cloudless skies;
Since, though at times bright oases
Enchant the eyes,
Life's pathway oft by Fate's decrees
In deserts lies;

Since grief must follow pleasure's path
As night the day;
Since life its bleak December hath
As well as May;
Since careless youth must change its ease
For careful age;
Since we must pass through scenes like these
Our pilgrimage;—

Since these things are, 'twere vain that I,
With foolish hope,
Should cast in pure felicity
Your horoscope;
But rather let my wish be this,
And this my pray'r:
Since earth can give no perfect bliss,
All free from care:

May yours a nobler science be
Than that of old,
Which vainly sought the mystery
Of making gold.
May you in Love a charm possess
Whose wondrous pow'r
Shall change to very happiness
Each mournful hour.

May Love so true an ally prove
In Life's great game,
That it may check at every move
Misfortune's aim.
And when upon the pathless sea
You start with fear,
May Love a faultless compass be
By which to steer.

And when the storm with which you cope
Your strength defies,
May Love the radiant sign of hope
Paint in the skies!

And when the changeless deserts burn
Your weary feet,
May Love's quick eye afar discern
The waters sweet.

May Love walk hand in hand with dole
When pleasures end,
'Till grief shall seem unto the soul
Almost a friend.
May Love be like a violet
From some far clime,
Whose sweetness wiles us to forget
The winter-time.

And though it may not turn to gold
The silver hair,
Nor smooth from furrowed brows and old
The marks of care;
Yet may Love use the best, in truth,
Of all its arts,
And keep in bright perennial youth
Your wedded hearts.

A Valentine

I midst the mountains, and you by the sea,
The distance is stretching between,
And shines alike now on you and on me
The moon with its silvery sheen.
It wraps the hills as with mantle of snow,
And lightens the ocean for you,—
Our thoughts are free, flying hither and fro,
As carrier pigeons do.

I midst the mountains, and you by the sea!
The vision of form and of face
Is blurred, O Dearest, for you and for me,
Concealed by the curtains of space.
Our thoughts will meet, for there's nothing can bar,—
For nothing can hinder nor stay!—
As earth is kissed by the light of a star
A myriad miles away.

I midst the mountains, and you by the sea,—
And ah for the miles to be crost!—
The bird we heard it has flown from the tree,
The sound of our voices is lost;
There's sevrance, parting of lips and of hands;
But thoughts,—they are bound to be free,
As streams which break thro' the hampering bands,
In search of the azure sea.

Innominata

No, no, not here, no strain of passing song
Shall breathe her name, nor 'midst the crowding throng
That sweeps the corridors of thought along
Shall she be found. But where the busy mind
Is lulled to rest; borne on the midnight wind,
Her loved name comes,—comes like the weird toll
Of phantom bells,—until my very soul
Chimes with mem'ries; until my spirit feels
Her presence, until imagination steals
Her image from the skies. And when once more
These visions flee,—for ah! they soon are o'er,—
Then, peering through the star-lit realms of air,
Upward, upward, on the wings of silent prayer,
I send her name to greet her spirit there.

Close of Day

Tho' downward tends the slope
The twilit skies above!
Yet all before is hope,
For all behind is love.

IN THE SANCTUARY

Bethlehem

Is this the spot to which all paths have tended,
The bourne of pilgrims through all time,—
The end of dreams so lofty, vast and splendid
They fired the soul with hopes sublime?

Is this the Christ for whom the world has fainted,
So many weary years and long,—
Is this the vision which the prophets painted,
The Monarch of the Psalmist's song?

Thro' all the dark and slowly moving ages
The world has panted with desire;
Beyond the purple distance, kings and sages
Have scanned to see the beacon fire;

Have dreamed of One whose hand should break asunder
The fetters which mankind has bound,
Or lift the burdens they are bending under
And cast all rivals to the ground,

Have dreamed of pomp, of splendour—yea, of glory
The world has never seen nor known!—
A King surpassing all the kings of story,
His seat, a solitary throne.

At last the light! It shows a village lowly
That nestles on the hillside slope,—
Is this the place to which the prophets holy
Have bid us bring our faith and hope?

All visions fade; and lo! instead, a dwelling
Where cattle seek their nightly rest,
Behold!—and angels bend amazed in telling,—
A Babe asleep on Mary's breast!

Consecration

I only know His spirit calleth
And am content,
I go in faith that what befalleth
Is His intent.

I will not doubting ask with Moses,
"Lord, why should I?"
But wait until His word discloses
His reason why.

E'en tho' I know my mouth containeth
No gift of speech
Yet still, nor doubt nor fear remaineth,
The Lord will teach.

My tongue may lack; but, since he sees us,
I've confidence,—
He makes the simple name of Jesus
True eloquence.

For thus it was in distant ages
His Spirit wrought,
The humblest were the teachers,—sages
Among the taught.

And thus Thou, Lord, Thy grace conferring,
Shall be my guide,
And I shall preach unto the erring
Christ crucified.

Yea, I will tell the weary spirit
Of ended strife;
The poor, of wealth they may inherit
Beyond this life!

And if, O Lord, one hearer only
Find peace and rest;
If one sad soul before so lonely
Smile on Thy breast;

If when the day of work is ended,
O Great I Am,
I lead unto Thy pastures splendid
But one weak lamb;—

Shall not the gates unbar before me
And let me in,
And Mercy's robe fall gently o'er me
To hide my sin?

Wilt Thou not say, O Judge of Heaven,
"Thy task is o'er,
Thou bringest with the talent given,
One talent more."

Missions

As I look in the book that I treasure,
As I read of the love that is there,
Of mercy there's nothing can measure
Of grace with which nought compare,—
Tho' sweet are its sounds, yet with anguish
My spirit within me is stirred,
I think of the many who languish
And hear not the comforting word.

I dwell in the house of my Father,
Protected and shielded from care,—
In mercy permitted to gather
The seed that is scatter'd there,
Yet think of the wand'ring and weary,
Who find, as in deserts they roam,
No light that may make it less dreary,
No hand that may beckon them home.

IN THE SANCTUARY

I kneel at the wonderful table,
  I eat of the heavenly bread;
I drink of the cup that is able
  To save all for whom it is shed;
I think of the many who gladly
  Would take of the crumbs of my share,
Who know not, tho' hungering sadly,
  The bread is enough and to spare.

As mercies come faster and faster,
  The gifts of a bountiful hand,—
I recall the words of the Master,
  "Go forth into every land!"
Go forth into highways and hedges,
  Till all of the burdened shall see
The truth that the scripture alleges:
  Salvation and mercy are free.

"Lord, Increase Our Faith"

Lone is the hour
And strong the tempest's pow'r;
  Cause, Lord, my fears to cease,
Scarce thro' the darkness and the storm
Can I discern Thy gracious form,—
  O, Lord, my faith increase!

Loud roars the blast,
My courage faileth fast;
  Come, Lord, come, speaking peace;
Let me perceive Thy saving hand
Stretched forth to lead me, safe to land,—
  O, Lord, my faith increase!

When doubt again
Doth bind me with its chain,
  O, Lord, grant me release;
In trial, woe, when death is by
Then let me see Thee watching nigh,—
  O, Lord, my faith increase!

Old Saint Paul's

Sunshine and cloud, and wintry winds and snows,
And breezes warm with hawthorn breath and rose,
And wealth of green and bows of elm all bare,
Like yearning arms outstretched in ceaseless prayer.

And nights of gloom,—and silent nights when falls
The sheen of moon on ivied graves and walls,—
Yet still the church, thro' all the shifting year,
Thro' restless time, abides unchanging here.

In days when those who sleep beneath the trees
Still called it home beyond the surging seas,
When King and Church alike held equal sway,
God's house was here,—and here it stands to-day.

In days of clanging war, when shot and shell
And fire were poured,—as though the gates of hell
Prevailed,—yet still her battered walls uprose,
In supplication mute against her foes.

And dreary days when all was waste and bare,
And birds their shelter made the House of Prayer,
And days of joy when once again was heard
The sacred strain, the reassuring word;

And many quiet, peaceful days and calm,
Unbroken like the beat of chanted psalm,
And pallid days when pestilence was rife,
And, once again, the days of war and strife!

And so, thro' all the change and chance of years,
Thro' peace and war, thro' joys and hopes and fears,
God's House has been a welcome port of rest
To wand'ring souls and souls with care opprest.

Confessions low and words that bring release
The very walls have heard, and words of peace,
And pleading words of prayer, and songs of praise
And benedictions—through the passing days.

And mothers here have brought their babes to Christ,
And faithful lovers made their holy tryst
And pledged their troth,—and weary sinners here
Have laid their burden down and all their fear:

And here the blessed Christ, in grace divine,
Has cheered with Bread of Life and Sacred Wine
The lowly souls who loved and knew Him best—
And here the dead were brought and laid to rest!

In other lands the stately fanes arise
With sculptured walls and towers that woo the skies,
And jewelled shrines, and pure majestic dome
And fretted aisles long drawn—but this is home!

So keep it, Lord, thro' changing years, a place
Where souls may come and meet Thee face to face—
And bring us, Christ, at last in tender love,
Thro' storm and cloud to cloudless skies above.

Prayer for Old Saint Paul's

O God of our fathers, defend
The place that we love;
Let mercy and blessing descend
Like dew from above:
Remember the faith which of old,
For love of Thy ways,
Here builded with silver and gold
A house to Thy praise!

Remember the work of the just—
Tho' ivy entwine
The tombs which now shelter their dust,
Their spirits are Thine.

Forget not the love that they bore
The place of Thy Name,
Whose courage was strong to restore
And save it from shame!
Forget not the faith that sufficed
In war and distress;
Remember, O God and O Christ,
Their patience—and bless!

Remember, O Ancient of Days,
For sake of the dead,
The worship, the prayer and the praise,
The breakings of bread!
Forget not their pleadings and plaints,
Remember the tears,
The life and the love of Thy saints,
The faith of the years!

And visit, O God, as of yore,
With mercy and grace,
The house where we worship before
Thy glorious Face!
Our prayers and petitions receive,
Our praises accept!
Give faith, O our God, to believe
Thy promises kept.

Our courage is feeble and faints,
Our zeal waxes cold;
O God! for the faith of Thy saints,
Thy people of old,
For grace to be trustful and true,
Like those in the grave,
To know that by many or few
Thy mercy can save!

The sparrow hath found her a nest,
Thine altars, O God!
O make, too, our shelter and rest
The courts we have trod!

As tendrils of ivy that cling
And hang to its walls,
O Christ, be the love that we bring
And give to St. Paul's!

The Living Christ

"Now he is dead—far hence he lies
In the lorn Syrian town—
And on His grave with shining eyes
The Syrian stars look down."

"In vain men still, with hoping new,
Regard His death-place dumb,
And say the stone is not yet to,
And wait for words to come."

"Obermann once more."—Matthew Arnold.

Thus said the bard, but angels said,
When morn had chased the gloom,
"Why seek the living with the dead,
Or kneel by empty tomb?"

Thus said the bard, but human eyes
The Christ behold to-day,
Not where beneath the Syrian skies
God rolled the stone away,

Nor where, in Syria's wasted town,
The Word had life and breath,
But Christ they seek with regal crown
Beyond the reach of death,

Or seek Him where, on earth below,
He triumphs through His grace,
When joy and peace have banished woe
From some transfigured face.

Not dead, the Christ men crucified,—
Nor shall the sceptre cease
Which broke the haughty Roman's pride
And changed the dreams of Greece!

The shadows rest on weary lands
Which have not known His grace,
Nor marked His dear uplifted hands
Nor seen His blessed face.

But where the loftier virtues dwell,
And love and sunshine stay,
It needs no planted cross to tell
The Christ had passed this way!

Ah! blessed proof, He walks with men
In all His power to save—
The orient stars look down, but then
They light an empty grave.

. . . . .

IN THE SANCTUARY

On Jaman's peak I stood one day,
  Below the cloud was seen;
But sunlight on the summit lay—
  God's face above, serene.

O Poet, thou canst speak once more,
  Beyond the world's despair,
The Name which Wordsworth bowed before
  And Browning breathed in prayer!

The doubt which held awhile and bowed
  Thy soul in pain and dread
Is gone; it was a passing cloud
  Which made the Christ as dead.

The veil is drawn, and thou canst turn
  And see the earthly guide,
Rememb'ring how the heart did burn
  What time He walked beside.

. . . . .

No power of poet nor of sage,
  No trenchant critic's pen,
Can blot His name from Hist'ry's page,
  Who died and lives for men!

For human hearts will not resign
  That hope of Easter-Morn,
Nor loose the clasp of hand divine,
  Nor deem their creed outworn.

So long as human souls have need
Of healing, love and grace,
So long as human hearts shall bleed,
They'll seek the Saviour's face.

Men strive to take away our Lord,
To turn us from our tryst,
But give of hope no other word
And show no other Christ.

The only light which breaks the gloom
Is light from Easter's Sun;
No other guides beyond the tomb—
'Tis either Christ or none!

Easter

As broke the dawn with promise rich of splendour,
Surpassing all the days in all the years,
The women came with bruiséd hearts and tender,
With spices rare, with ointment,—yea, with tears.

The flowers abloom, the birds, the morning gladness
All told of joy, of hope, of bright'ning day,—
And yet, they could not see nor hear for sadness,
But questioned, "Who shall roll the stone away?"

And then, they heard a message,—matchless wonder!—
"Not here, but risen!" so the angel said,
And like as when the mists are blown asunder
The world was changed, the Christ no longer dead!

Oh! what a change to human hearts a-weary
Of seeking after God, to know and love,
For life itself is changed, no longer dreary
If we can see the living Christ above!

Oh! what a change, when woe and sin appalling
Our souls are bowed with tremor, chilled with fear,
To hear a voice by name the sinner calling,
To turn and see a risen Saviour near.

"Not here, but risen!" When the ties are broken
And human Love protests and strives in vain,
The empty tomb of Christ is pledge and token
The heart shall claim and have its own again.

"Not here, but risen! O, thou Christ ascended!
Reveal Thyself to my expectant eyes
And bring me, when the path of earth is ended,
To see Thy glorious face beyond the skies!

"Not here, but risen!" Now we hear the snatches
Of music which angelic voices sing,
And, here and there, a glimpse the spirit catches
Of regions where the Christ alone is King!

Easter Dawn

Ah! the night of sorrow lingers,
And the skies are dark above,
For our sins have pierced and slain Him,
They have slain the Prince of Love!
Yet our hearts they surely need Him,
And we cry at break of day,
"Who shall give us back our Saviour,—
Who shall roll the stone away?"

We are they who wait for morning,
For our sins have made it night,
And the tomb of our transgressions
Has hid the Master from our sight.
But our hearts they sue for pardon,
And we cry at break of day,
"Who shall give us back our Saviour,—
Who shall roll the stone away?"

When He moved and taught among us,
Then our love was weak and cold,
For He lavished all His treasures,
And we paid Him dross for gold.
But with gifts of love's atonement,
Lo! we come at break of day;
But our sins still hide Him from us
Who shall roll the stone away.

With the myrrh of faith's adoring,
  With the ointment rare of life,
We would fain anoint His body,
  As for us He bore the strife.
We would wash the wounds of Jesus
  With our tears at break of day;
But our sins have come between us,—
  Who shall roll the stone away?

Ah! the night of sorrow passes
  And the shadow dark of sin,
Lo! open wide His prison,
  We who loved are peering in.
And our hearts are thrilled with gladness,
  As we kneel at break of day;
In the night of our despairing
  Lo! the stone was rolled away,—

And a voice, we surely know it,—
  Ah! its sweetness seems the same
As when first we heard its pleading,
  For it calls us each by name,—
"Do not seek where sin has laid me,
  I arose at break of day,
For your God has sent His angels,—
  They have rolled the stone away."

Now the shade of sorrow passes
  And the mists of doubtings flee,
We who loved may whisper boldly,
  "Jesus died and rose for me."

'Tis Thy tender voice, Rabboni!
That we hear at break of day,
Lo! 'tis calling, "Peace I give you!"—
God hath rolled the stone away.

Easter Hours

Matins

The night is still unbroken,
And the soldiers are asleep,
The stars alone, in token
Of their love, a vigil keep;
When lo! a vision splendid,
Like the flashing of the day,—
The night of sorrow's ended,—
God hath rolled the stone away.

Lauds

The dawn begins to waken,
But the lilies are asleep,
The dewdrops still unshaken
When the women come to weep.
And lo! by sorrow's prison,
The angelic voices say,—
"The Christ you seek is risen,
And the stone is rolled away."

Prime

The sun in glory shining,
And the flowers their fragrance shed,
A woman's heart repining,
As in vain she seeks her dead.
And lo! He stands before her,
And He hushes all her pain,
The spell of peace is o'er her,—
For the Christ is come again!

Vespers

The day is dying, ending,
As the shadows gather fast,
The twain their way are wending
And their hearts are overcast,
With thoughts of dark disaster
And of lofty visions fled,
When lo! they know the Master
As He breaks the blessed Bread.

Compline

The night is lit with glory,
With the splendour overhead,
And love repeats the story,
"Is the Christ alive or dead?"
When lo! their eyes perceive Him,
And the doubts and terrors cease, —
O hearts of men receive Him!
O to hear His word of peace!

The Light of Eastertide

Not here the Christ! but still we linger
In strange unfaith beside his grave,
Or ask to touch with fleshly finger
The wounds of Him who died to save!

The heart is restless, ever yearning
To see the Christ with human eyes;
Or hear, as Mary heard—when turning
Her soul was thrilled with glad surprise.

O we of little faith, our craving
Is still to see, and touch, and hear,
As though He'd have no pow'r of saving,
Unless our eyes beheld him near!

O slow of heart, in all our roaming,
If Christ we love and Christ believe,
He walks beside,—as through the gloaming
He went with twain that blesséd eve!

And still, what time the cloud is rifted,
The hearts that deemed the Saviour dead,
Shall see the wounded hands uplifted,
And know the Christ who breaks the bread.

It only needs a faith that wrestles
With doubt, and then, whate'er betide,
A love that near His bosom nestles,
And breathes its one request,—"Abide!"

Then shall we feel to-day, to-morrow,
On fevered brow His cooling breath,
And hear His "Peace!"—in storm and sorrow,
In fear, in travail, care and death.

O foolish heart, to think that ever
Can fade the light of Eastertide,
That time, or space, or death can sever
From Christ the soul for whom He died!

Love Divine

O Shepherd love, that will not stay content;
He leaves in fold the many safe reclining,
To seek the one lost sheep He knows is pining!
O love that guides Him 'long the way it went!

Ah! hard the path and drear the skies above,
And sharp the cruel crags His way impeding,
But still He seeks, though pierced His feet and bleeding,
Until He find—and satisfy—His love!

MY THREE LOVES

O Spirit love, that will not heed the cost!
O love no human thought can weigh nor measure,
That will not count already gathered treasure
If one poor coin be missing still and lost!

Tho' human hearts despond, and hope seems vain,
He searcheth still in strange, unlikely places,
That which He knows the soil of sin defaces,
Until He find and make it bright again.

O Father love, so warm, and true, and strong!—
The day gives place to eve, but still He gazes
For signs of him, who, lost amidst the mazes
Of want and sin, hath wandered far and long.

The night comes down, but when the morning fires
Illume the Eastern skies, with love's persistence
He stands, and peers and scans the purple distance,—
Until He find him whom His heart desires.

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